



SANTINIKETAN
LIBRARY

Class No...821

Author No...W 15 F

Shelf No.....

Accession No...1346

FEELINGS
AND
THINGS

VERSES OF
CHILDHOOD

BY

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE



NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 FIFTH AVENUE

COPYRIGHT, 1916
BY
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

To

THE DEAR MEMORY

OF MY

FATHER AND MOTHER

DAVID AND ADELAIDE WALLACE.

THE AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The author desires to acknowledge the courtesy of the publishers of *The Century Magazine*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, and *The Woman's Home Companion*, for permission to reprint here such poems as have already appeared in their pages.

CONTENTS

FEELINGS AND THINGS

	PAGE
HAPPY ONES..At the Sea.....	1
On Sunday Evening.....	5
RESTLESS ONES..An Active Child.....	9
Just Because.....	11
HOPEFUL ONES..The Solution.....	14
QUEER ONES..At Church.....	16
The Difference.....	18
The Puzzle.....	19
Shadow Secrets.....	20
Star Dreams.....	22
WISTFUL ONES..Wishes.....	25
The Youngest.....	27
Growing Up.....	30
The Trouble.....	33
SORRY ONES..Discipline.....	37
Confessional.....	40
I Just Forgot.....	42

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PLEASANT ONES..Daddy O' Dreams..	45
Picnics.....	50
Moving.....	55
Going Away with Father	59
BOASTFUL ONES..Valor.....	64
IMPATIENT ONES..Having to Wait...	67
SLEEPY ONES..Mother's Way.....	71
WAKE-Y ONES..Falling Asleep.....	74
JOYOUS ONES..A Song of Summer....	76
DON'T-WANT-TO ONES..Going to Bed	80
CRITICAL ONES..Laps and Knees.....	84
SHY ONES..Her First Party.....	87
PERFECTLY AWFUL ONES..The Old Adam.....	90
RESENTFUL ONES..Buddy Does!....	92
The Dinner Party	94
JOLLY ONES..At Grandma's House....	97
SOLEMN ONES..Christmas Eve.....	101

TO
ALL CHILDREN
WHO LOVE TO READ

Once there was a Little Girl who loved to read
and read,
And would have stayed up (if she could!) oh,
very late indeed!
She'd *rather read than go to bed!* (I'd rather—
wouldn't you?)
But then the clock flew round so fast (perhaps
you've seen that, too?)
That it was just no time at all—the twinkling of
an eye—
Till that child's Mother SPOKE to her: "Now
put your reading by."
Of course she did—(she had to!) but 'twas
pretty hard, she thought,
Always to have to go to bed when Mother said
she ought.
Of course *you* never feel that way—you *love* to go
to bed;
That is, I'm very sure you do—if you're a sleepy-
head!

But if you're not, I think *you* beg for "just a minute, *please!*"

As that child did so long ago. (Of *course* you never *tease!*)

That Little Girl (you've guessed it?) is the child I used to be;

'Tis strange, but she's alive and *young*, and lives inside of me!

Like Peter Pan she wanted to be young her whole life long,

And so she hid within my heart—I hope it wasn't wrong!

For if you can believe me, she was never to be found—

That is, not after she was twelve—when birthdays came around.

She snuggled deep within my heart, and when the day came nigh,

She never made a sound, and so the birthdays passed her by.

But Grown-up-Me is much too old to interest her now,

Or be much company for her—you see, I don't know how.

And so whenever she would like to do as children do,

She slips away to Child Land, to talk and play with you!

THE AUTHOR.

Feelings and Things

AT THE SEA

I LIKE TO LIE UPON THE BEACH,
AND HEAR THE OCEAN ROAR,
AND WATCH THE WAVES COME RUSHING
IN
AND CLIMBING UP THE SHORE.



THE SAND IS HOT, THE SUN IS HOT,
BUT I AM COOL AS COOL!
AND WHEN I LIKE I GO AND PLAY
QUITE SAFELY IN THE POOL.

FEELINGS AND THINGS

THAT'S WHERE THE OCEAN LEAVES
BEHIND

SOME WATER FROM THE TIDE,
AND LITTLE CHILDREN BATHE IN IT,—
IT'S NEITHER DEEP NOR WIDE.



BUT IT IS VERY CLEAR, AND BLUE,
AND SHINING IN THE SUN,
AND LITTLE SHIVERS BLOW ON IT
TO MAKE THE RIPPLES RUN.



AND OH, IT'S GREAT WHEN DADDY
TAKES

ME SWIMMING IN THE SEA!
I CATCH MY BREATH, BUT THEN I KNOW
HE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF ME.

AT THE SEA

WHEN WAVES ARE BIG, YOU'D THINK
THEY'D KNOCK
US DOWN, BUT UP WE GO!
AND OH, I SCREAM AND LAUGH A LOT
AT FATHER'S JUMPING SO.



AND THEN MY MOTHER RUBS ME TILL
I'M JUST AS WARM AS TOAST,
AND DRESSES ME, AND I GO BACK,
AND I FEEL SLEEPY—'MOST.



I'M HUNGRY, TOO— BUT THEN WE LIKE
TO STAY AWHILE TO REST,
AND THAT IS SUCH A LOVELY TIME!—
I ALMOST THINK THE BEST.

FEELINGS AND THINGS

I LOOK AND LOOK, AND I'M SO GLAD
IT'S SUCH A SHINING DAY. . . .
I WISH THAT I COULD SAIL AND SAIL . . .
AWAY . . . AWAY . . . AWAY!



ON SUNDAY EVENING

SOMETIMES ON SUNDAY EVENING,
WHEN IT IS VERY COLD,
AND JANE IS OUT, MY MOTHER PUTS THE
TABLE YOU UNFOLD
BEFORE THE FIRE IN DADDY'S DEN,
AND SPREADS IT THERE FOR TEA;
(I DON'T HAVE TEA, SO MOTHER MAKES
THE CAMBRIC KIND FOR ME).



AND WE GO OUT AND LOOK AROUND
FOR ODDS AND ENDS TO EAT;
THEN MOTHER MAKES THE TOAST BE-
FORE THE FIRE, AND AS A TREAT

FEELINGS AND THINGS

FOR FATHER, MAKES SOME CHEESY
THING—THE PEPPER MAKES ME
SNEEZE;

SHE DOES IT IN THE CHAFING-DISH,
AND LETS ME GRATE THE CHEESE.



THEN FATHER TURNS AROUND AND
ROARS, "O WOMAN, GIVE ME
FOOD!"

OF COURSE THAT'S ONLY JUST HIS FUN,
FOR FATHER'S NEVER RUDE.
AND WHEN WE'VE EATEN ALL WE WANT,
WE CLEAR UP EVERY SCRAP,
THEN FATHER SITS IN HIS BIG CHAIR,
AND I SIT ON HIS LAP.

ON SUNDAY EVENING

AND MOTHER PERCHES ON THE ARM,
AND SNUGGLES DOWN, AND OH!
WE SEE ALL SORTS OF PICTURES WHEN
THE FIRE IS BURNING LOW. . . .
AND WHEN WE HEAR THE WIND GO BY,
AND THEN OUR FIRE GOES SIZZ-Z-!
AND FATHER HUGS US BOTH, WHY—
HOME SEEMS ALL THE PLACE THERE
IS!



AN ACTIVE CHILD

WHAT SHALL I DO, MOTHER, WHAT
SHALL I DO?
PLAY STEAMBOAT? I DID,—AND I
PLAYED WITH MY ZOO;
I'VE PLAYED WITH MY BLOCKS, AND THE
REST OF MY TOYS,
AND GRANDMA'S ASLEEP, SO I CAN'T
MAKE A NOISE,—
AND THERE'S NOBODY HERE I CAN
BOTHER 'CEPT YOU—
WHAT SHALL I DO, MOTHER, WHAT
SHALL I DO?

AN ACTIVE CHILD

BUT WHAT SHALL I DO? IT'S BEEN
RAINING ALL DAY,—
I WISH THAT THE NAUGHTY OLD RAIN
WOULD GO 'WAY!
I GUESS I'LL GO OUT IN MY OLD RUBBER
COAT,
AND PLAY IN THE PUDDLES WITH MY
LITTLE BOAT.
THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO, MOTHER! YOU
CAN JUST BET
I'M A-GOING RIGHT OUT AND GET WET-
TER'N WET !



BUT WHAT *SHALL* I DO, THEN? I
DON'T WANT A NAP—
DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD CUDDLE
ME UP IN YOUR LAP?

FEELINGS AND THINGS

OH, THAT'S GOOD . . . BUT, NOW, WHAT
SHALL WE DO TO HAVE FUN?

WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN—WILL I
NEVER HAVE DONE—?

'COURSE I LIKE IT TO SNUGGLE UP
COMFY WITH YOU,

BUT WHAT SHALL WE *DO*, MOTHER?
WHAT SHALL WE *DO*?



JUST BECAUSE

FATHER, WHY DOESN'T THE MOON .
LOOK NOW

AS LARGE AS IT LOOKED THAT TIME
BEFORE ?

YOU S'POSE THAT A PIECE WAS KNOCKED
OFF BY THE COW—

WELL THEN, WON'T IT BE EVER BIG
ANY MORE ?

OH, FATHER, DON'T TEASE . . . AS-
TEROMICAL LAWS . . .

WHY CAN'T I, FATHER ? JUST BECAUSE ?

FEELINGS AND THINGS

FATHER, WHAT MADE THE THREE
BEARS GO TO BED ?

THEY WERE SLEEPY ? WHAT FOR ? DID
THEY SAY THEIR PRAYERS ?

WELL, IF I HAD BEEN THERE I'D 'A'
SHOOTED 'EM DEAD !

AND I'D NEVER BE SLEEPY IF I WAS
BEARS.

PLEASE READ ME SOME MORE OUT OF
PAWS AND CLAWS.

WHY CAN'T YOU, FATHER ? JUST BE-
CAUSE ?



FATHER, WHAT MAKES IT BE TIME
FOR BED ?

AND WHAT MAKES YOUR MOUTH ALL
RED INSIDE ?

JUST BECAUSE

AND WHAT'S THAT SO HEAVY INSIDE
MY HEAD ?

OH, PLEASE, DADDY, GIVE ME A PICK-A-
BACK RIDE !

WHY, FATHER, I JUST WAS *A-STRETCH-*
ING MY JAWS !

WHY MUST I, FATHER ? JUST BECAUSE ?



THE SOLUTION

MARIE'S MY SISTER; SHE IS TEN;
I'M HALF-PAST EIGHT, ABOUT.
MARIE OUTGROWS HER CLOTHES, AND
THEN
I HAVE TO WEAR THEM OUT.



BUT MOTHER SAYS TO STAND QUITE
STRAIGHT,
AND MAYBE IF I DO,
I'LL GROW—OH, WOULDN'T THAT BE
GREAT?—
THE TALLER OF THE TWO !



I'D HAVE TO HAVE THE NEW THINGS,
THEN,

THE SOLUTION

ALL JUST MADE UP JUST FOR ME;
AND NEVER WEAR MARIE'S AGAIN—
HOW LOVELY THAT WOULD BE !



PERHAPS MARIE WOULD HAVE TO
WEAR
THE DRESSES I'D OUTGROW.
SHE'D SEE WHAT I HAVE HAD TO BEAR—
OH, DEAR ! THAT'S MEAN, I KNOW.



WELL, THEN, I HOPE WHEN MOTHER
BUYS
OUR THINGS WHEN WE ARE GROWN,
WE'LL NEED THEM JUST THE SELFSAME
SIZE,
AND EACH WEAR OUT HER OWN !

AT CHURCH

I LOVE TO GO TO CHURCH IN LENT,
AND HEAR THE ORGAN PLAY;
MY MOTHER TOOK ME WHEN SHE WENT
TO SERVICE YESTERDAY.



IT'S VERY STILL AND HAPPY THERE;
THE SUNSHINE SEEMS TO POUR
IN MISTY COLORS THROUGH THE AIR
ACROSS THE PEWS AND FLOOR.



IT'S FUNNY HOW THE ORGAN SHAKES
WHEN IT BEGINS TO PLAY,—
IT LIFTS ME UP AND UP . . . AND TAKES
ME SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY . . .

AT CHURCH

AND THEN SOMEHOW MY EYES THEY
FILL,
BUT MOTHER KNOWS 'BOUT ME,
AND HOLDS ME CLOSE AND CLOSER
STILL,
SO NOBODY WILL SEE.



IN LENT OUR RECTOR'S VERY SAD,
AND TALKS ABOUT IT; HE
THINKS EVERYONE'S A LITTLE BAD,—
I'M 'FRAID THAT HE MEANS ME.



SO WHEN THERE'S MUSIC, AND WE
KNEEL,
AND I JUST *CRY*, OR WOULD
IF 'T WEREN'T IN CHURCH, WHY DO I
FEEL
ALL *SORRY-GLAD—AND GOOD!*

THE DIFFERENCE

OH, MORNINGS I CAN PLAY QUITE
HARD,—

THE WORLD SEEMS JUST A-HUMMING;
IT'S ALL SO INTERESTING AND NEW,
AND EVERYTHING SEEMS *COMING*.



BUT AFTERNOONS IT'S VERY STILL.
I DO A LITTLE SEWING,
AND PLAY ALL QUIET, BY MYSELF,
AND EVERYTHING SEEMS *GOING*.



THE PUZZLE

ONE TIME I WAKENED IN THE NIGHT,
AND ALL WAS STILL AS STILL. . . .
THE MOON WAS SHINING BIG AND
BRIGHT; I HEARD A WHIP-POOR-WILL.
AND AS I LAY AND LISTENED THERE, I
FELT THE QUEEREST WAY. . . .
IT DIDN'T SEEM TOMORROW . . . YET
IT WASN'T YESTERDAY. . . .
I MEAN . . . OH, DEAR ! JUST WHEN I
THINK I'M REALLY GETTING ON,
AND FINDING HOW I FEEL, THE TRULY
THING I MEAN IS . . . GONE.



SHADOW SECRETS

I LIKE TO WAKE UP EARLY AND CREEP
SOFTLY 'CROSS THE FLOOR,
FOR SOMEHOW NOTHING FEELS THE
WAY IT DID THE DAY BEFORE.
WHEN IT IS ALL SO QUIET THERE SEEMS
SUCH A LOT OF *ME*—
I LIKE TO SIT AND THINK, AND WONDER
HOW IT CAME TO BE.



BEFORE THE SUN COMES UP IT'S ALL
SO GRAY AND SOFT AND QUEER;
THE TREES ARE WHISP'RING STORIES,
SO THAT I CAN ALMOST HEAR;

SHADOW SECRETS

THEY MUST BE SHADOW SECRETS,
'CAUSE

WHEN UP COMES MR. SUN,
AND PEEPS ABOVE THE HILL-TOP, YOU
SHOULD SEE THE SHADOWS RUN!



THEN BIRDS BEGIN TO SING, AND SOON ·
THE MILKMAN COMES AROUND,
AND BOTTLES HITTING ONE ANOTHER
MAKE A TINKLY SOUND;
AND THEN—IT'S FUNNY—SOMEHOW
ALL THE QUEERNESS GOES AWAY,
AND EVERYTHING IS WIDE AWAKE, AND
JUST LIKE YESTERDAY !



STAR DREAMS

LAST NIGHT I LAY UPON MY BACK,
AND LOOKED AT ALL THE STARS,
AND FATHER TOLD THE NAMES TO ME
OF TWO BIG PLANETS—MARS,
WHOSE LIGHT IS REDDER THAN THE
REST,
AND JUPITER SO BRIGHT;
HE TOLD ABOUT SOME OTHERS, TOO,
WE COULDN'T SEE LAST NIGHT.



AND FATHER SAYS THEY'RE LIKE OUR
EARTH,
AND SWING AROUND THE SUN;

STAR DREAMS

I'M PRETTY SURE OUR WORLD'S THE
BEST—

THE VERY NICEST ONE.

BUT FATHER SAYS IF ANYONE

IS LIVING UP IN MARS,

TO HIM OUR WORLD LOOKS JUST THE

SAME

AS ALL THE OTHER STARS!



AND IT DOES SEEM THE QUEEREST
THING

ABOUT THE TINY ONES,—

THAT THEY AREN'T REALLY SMALL AT

ALL,

BUT GREAT BIG BLAZING SUNS!

AND ROUND THESE SUNS A *MILLION*
WORLDS

FEELINGS AND THINGS

ARE WHIRLING THERE IN SPACE!—
ALL MOVING JUST WHERE THEY BELONG,
AND NEVER OUT OF PLACE,



I LAY AND LOOKED A LONG, LONG
WHILE,
BEYOND THE FARTHEST STAR,
WHERE ALL THE SKY WAS DARK AND
STILL. . . .
IT SEEMED SO VERY FAR,
THAT I FORGOT I WAS MYSELF . . .
AND THEN . . . 'T WAS LIKE THE FALL
I SOMETIMES FEEL WHEN I WAKE UP—
SURPRISED, AND STRANGE, AND SMALL!



WISHES

I WISH MY EYES WERE BIG AND BLUE
AND I HAD GOLDEN CURLS;
I WISH MY LEGS WERE FATTER, TOO,
LIKE OTHER LITTLE GIRLS'!



I'D LOVE A DIMPLE IN MY CHIN;
I WISH MY MOUTH WERE SMALL—
AND OH, THE WAY MY TEETH FIT IN
I DO NOT LIKE AT ALL!



BUT DADDY SAYS HE REALLY THINKS
THAT WHEN I GET MY GROWTH,
I'LL LOOK LIKE MOTHER. "CHEER UP,
JINKS!"
HE SAYS, AND HUGS US BOTH.

FEELINGS AND THINGS

HOW VERY SPLENDID THAT WOULD
BE!

I WONDER IF IT'S TRUE—
FOR MOTHER SAYS THAT SHE CAN SEE
I'M DADDY—THROUGH AND THROUGH!



AND THEY DON'T LOOK ALIKE ONE
BIT ;

IT'S QUEER AS QUEER CAN BE,
THAT I CAN LOOK LIKE BOTH, AND IT
JUST MAKES ME LOOK LIKE ME!



AND WHEN I WISH MY HAIR WOULD
CURL,

AND THAT MY EYES WERE BLUE,
MY MOTHER SAYS, "NO, LITTLE GIRL—
FOR THEN YOU'D NOT BE *YOU*!"

THE YOUNGEST

I WISH THAT I COULD GO TO SCHOOL,
AND HAVE A DOUBLE SLATE,
AND PENCIL, AND A BOOK, AND RULE—
I JUST CAN *HARDLY* WAIT.



I KNOW MY LETTERS NOW AS WELL
AS TED OR ANY ONE;
I GUESS THAT I CAN LEARN TO SPELL,
AND *THEN* WON'T I HAVE FUN?



I'LL KNOW *THEN* WHAT THEY'RE TALK-
ING 'BOUT,

FEELINGS AND THINGS

AND DON'T WANT ME TO KNOW,
IF THEY *DO* SPELL THE WORDS ALL OUT,
AND I'LL JUST SHOW THEM—SO !



THEY WHISPER, NOW, AND NOD AND
WINK,
AND SMILE. OH, DEAR ! AMONG
THEM ALL IT'S PRETTY HARD, I THINK,
TO BE SO *AWFUL* YOUNG !



ONE TIME MY MOTHER SPELLED A
WORD,
AND DADDY SHOOK HIS HEAD.
“ I DON'T BELIEVE IT REALLY HEARD
OR NOTICED US,” HE SAID.

THE YOUNGEST

AND SHE SAID, "LITTLE P-I-T-
C-H-E-R, YOU KNOW,"
AND DADDY LAUGHED AND LOOKED
AT ME,
AND SAID, "HOW SHE DOES GROW!"



I HAVEN'T GOT SO VERY FAR
IN KNOWING THINGS, YOU SEE,
BUT P-I-T-C-H-E-R
SOMEHOW, I THINK, MEANS *ME!*



GROWING UP

I'M GROWING VERY BIG AND TALL,
ALMOST TO MOTHER'S SHOULDER ;
AND THOUGH SOME THINGS, OF COURSE,
I LIKE,
IN GETTING TO BE OLDER,



MY LEGS AND ARMS HAVE GROWN
SO LONG
THAT FATHER LAUGHS, AND BOBBY
JUST GRINS AND SAYS, "OH, GEE,
PAULINE,
YOUR KNEES ARE AWFUL KNOBBY !"

GROWING UP

AND UNCLE CALLS ME "SPINDLE-
SHANKS,"

AND "POLLY-DOODLE-DANDY,"

AND SAYS, "MY CHILD, BE THANKFUL
THAT

YOUR LOVELY LEGS AREN'T BANDY."



IT'S NICE TO REACH HIGH HOOKS AND
THINGS,

IF ANYBODY PLEASES,

BUT I DO WISH MY FAMILY

WEREN'T ALL SUCH AWFUL TEASES.



I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO *PUT* MYSELF
WHEN MOTHER TRIES TO HOLD ME;

I WISH SHE KNEW SOME COMFY WAY
TO TAKE ME UP, AND *FOLD* ME.

FEELINGS AND THINGS

OF COURSE SHE'S ALWAYS LETTING
DOWN

MY SKIRTS AND SLEEVES TO HIDE ME,—
BUT OH, I WISH MY BONES WOULD WAIT
TILL I GROW UP *INSIDE* ME !



THE TROUBLE

IT'S BEEN THE LONGEST, *LONGEST*
WHILE
MY MOTHER'S BEEN AWAY !
YOU SEE MY GRANDMA'S PRETTY SICK,
AND CAN'T GET WELL SO VERY QUICK;
SO MOTHER *HAS* TO STAY.



AUNT NAN IS KIND, BUT DOESN'T
MAKE
THE RIGHTEST KIND OF CURLS,
OR KNOW JUST HOW TO BUTTON ME;
SHE ISN'T USED TO IT, YOU SEE—
SHE HAS NO LITTLE GIRLS.

FEELINGS AND THINGS

AND FATHER—WELL, HE DOESN'T
KNOW

JUST HOW I GO TO BED.

HE GETS ME ALL HINDSIDE BEFORE,
AND HANGS MY CLOTHES UP BY THE
DOOR,

AWAY ABOVE MY HEAD.



NOW, MOTHER ALWAYS PUTS THEM
'CROSS

MY LITTLE WILLOW CHAIR;

I HAVE A CAR'MEL AND A DRINK,—

THAT'S PRETTY COMFOR'BLE, I THINK,—
AND THEN SHE BRAIDS MY HAIR.



BUT FATHER, SOMETIMES HE FORGETS
TO WASH MY HANDS AND FACE !

THE TROUBLE

AND HE CAN'T EVER 'MEMBER WHERE
HE STOPPED, IN TELLING 'BOUT THE
BEAR—

HE JUST FORGETS THE PLACE.



OH, *SOME* THINGS FATHER DOES, I
LIKE !

WHEN I HAVE SAID MY PRAYERS,
HE TELLS ME STORIES IN THE DARK,—
THEY'RE FULL OF *WHIST!* AND *HIST!*
AND *HARK!*

AND LOVELY, CREEPY SCARES.



BUT THEN WHEN I HAVE SNUGGLED
DOWN

ALL COMFOR'BLY, IN BED,

FEELINGS AND THINGS

I WISH THAT MOTHER WOULD COME IN,
AND CUDDLE ME, AND THEN BEGIN
TO SING, AND SMOOTH MY HEAD.



OF COURSE AUNT NAN AND FATHER DO
THEIR BEST—I KNOW THEY'VE
TRIED;

AND EVERYBODY'S VERY KIND—
I TRY MY HARDEST NOT TO MIND,
BUT SOMETHING ACHES, INSIDE.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT'S HOMESICKNESS
THAT MAKES MY EYELIDS PRICK;
I WISH I KNEW WHAT 'TIS I'VE GOT—
'COURSE, HOME'S RIGHT HERE—*BUT*
MOTHER'S NOT!

I B'LIEVE I'M *MOTHERSICK!*

DISCIPLINE

WHEN YOU HAVE BEEN NAUGHTY,
AND SAY YOU DON'T CARE,
THERE'S SOMETHING THAT STICKS IN
YOUR SWALLOW SOMEWHERE.
YOU HOLD YOUR BREATH—HARD—WITH
YOUR EYES OPEN WIDE,—
(YOU REMEMBER THAT ONCE WHEN
YOU SHUT THEM YOU CRIED).
AND THEN YOU ARE PUT IN THE NEXT
ROOM TO STAY
UNTIL YOU CAN BE GOOD, AND ARE WIL-
LING TO SAY

FEELINGS AND THINGS

I WISH THAT MOTHER WOULD COME IN,
AND CUDDLE ME, AND THEN BEGIN
TO SING, AND SMOOTH MY HEAD.



OF COURSE AUNT NAN AND FATHER DO
THEIR BEST—I KNOW THEY'VE
TRIED;

AND EVERYBODY'S VERY KIND—
I TRY MY HARDEST NOT TO MIND,
BUT SOMETHING ACHES, INSIDE.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT'S HOMESICKNESS
THAT MAKES MY EYELIDS PRICK;
I WISH I KNEW WHAT 'TIS I'VE GOT—
'COURSE, HOME'S RIGHT HERE—*BUT*
MOTHER'S NOT!

I B'LIEVE I'M *MOTHERSICK!*

DISCIPLINE

WHEN YOU HAVE BEEN NAUGHTY,
AND SAY YOU DON'T *CARE*,
THERE'S SOMETHING THAT STICKS IN
YOUR SWALLOW SOMEWHERE.
YOU HOLD YOUR BREATH—HARD—WITH
YOUR EYES OPEN WIDE,—
(YOU REMEMBER THAT ONCE WHEN
YOU SHUT THEM YOU CRIED).
AND THEN YOU ARE PUT IN THE NEXT
ROOM TO STAY
UNTIL YOU CAN BE GOOD, AND ARE WIL-
LING TO SAY

FEELINGS AND THINGS

YOU ARE SORRY. IT'S QUEER, THOUGH,
THE WAY THAT YOU FEEL—
THERE'S SOMETHING *ALL OVER* THAT
HURTS A GOOD DEAL.



AND THERE BY YOURSELF WHERE IT'S
LONESOME AND STILL,
AND NOBODY CARES . . . WHAT IF YOU
SHOULD BE ILL ?
YOU GUESS THEN YOUR MOTHER'D BE
SORRY ENOUGH,
AND . . . WELL, YOU ARE WIPING YOUR
EYES ON YOUR CUFF
IN A MINUTE, AND WISHING THAT
MOTHER JUST *KNEW*
'BOUT YOUR FEELINGS, WITHOUT ANY
FUSS; AND YOU SCREW

DISCIPLINE

UP YOUR COURAGE, AND CALL OUT, 'OH,
MOTHER—YOU THERE ?
PLEASE, NOW, I'LL BE GOOD—'CAUSE I
GUESS I *DO* CARE !”



CONFESSIONAL

ONE DAY—I DON'T KNOW HOW IT
WAS—

I TOLD A HORRID FIB;
OH DEAR! I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY
IT CAME SO SMOOTH AND GLIB.



AND THEN I THOUGHT AND THOUGHT
AND THOUGHT;
IT HURT ME SO INSIDE,
I HID MY FACE IN MOTHER'S LAP,
AND CRIED AND CRIED AND CRIED.



AND SHE SMOOTHED BACK MY HAIR
AND ASKED,

CONFESSIONAL

" WAS WHAT YOU SAID QUITE TRUE ? "
AND WHEN I SOBBED AND SHOOK MY
HEAD,
SHE WHISPERED, " MOTHER KNEW ! "



“ I JUST FORGOT ! ”

O H DEAR ! WHEN MY MOTHER CALLED
OUT TO ME
TO GO TO THE BAKESHOP FOR ROLLS
FOR TEA,
I *MEANT* TO, OF COURSE,
BUT THEN A WHITE HORSE—
I AM COUNTING A HUNDRED—DROVE BY,
AND THEN,—WHY,
THE BAKESHOP WENT OUT OF MY HEAD
LIKE A *SHOT*,
AND IT NEVER CAME BACK—I JUST
FORGOT !

“I JUST FORGOT!”

OF COURSE I WAS SORRY, BUT MOTHER
WAS STERN,
AND SAID WHAT A PITY I NEVER CAN
LEARN
TO *THINK* WHAT I DO.
OF COURSE IT IS TRUE
THAT I'M CARELESS, AND OFTEN FORGET
THINGS, AND YET,
I AM SORRY—I REALLY DO FEEL IT A LOT
WHEN I HAVE TO OWN UP THAT I JUST
FORGOT.



MY BRAIN MUST BE BIG AS *THIMBLE*,
ABOUT,
FOR ONE THING JUST PUSHES ANOTHER
RIGHT OUT.

FEELINGS AND THINGS

I CAN'T *HELP* IT—OH DEAR !

BRAINS ARE AWFULLY QUEER. . . .

IT IS NOT THAT I *COULD* THINK, AND
WON'T.—

I JUST *DON'T* !

AND MOTHER'S FORGOTTEN, AS LIKELY
AS NOT,

THAT WHEN *SHE* WAS LITTLE, *SHE*
SOMETIMES FORGOT !



DADDY O' DREAMS

“**L**ADDIE, LET US GO ‘PRETENDING’
—IT’S THE GREATEST FUN THERE
IS.

SHALL WE SINK INTO THE BOTTOM OF
THE SEA ?

WE COULD RIDE UPON THE WHALES,
WHEN WE WANTED LITTLE SAILS,
AND HAVE SCALLOP SHELLS FOR DISHES
FOR OUR TEA.

THEN A-FLOATING IN THE WATER BY
A-WIGGLING OF OUR TOES,
WE COULD LISTEN TO THE MERMAIDS
’NEATH THE MOON;

FEELINGS AND THINGS

AND THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER,
I *THINK*, WOULD COME ALONG—”
“OH, DADDY, WHENABOUTS?—PRETTY
SOON?”



“WELL, MAYBE . . . OR PERHAPS
WE'D BETTER GO A-SAILING UP,
LIGHTLY RIDING ON THAT DANDELION
FUZZ,
TO A CASTLE IN A MEADOW IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE WOODS,
NEAR THE SKY-COAST OF THE LAND OF
FUZZY-WUZ.
THEN WE'LL GO UPON A VOYAGE TO
EXPLORE THE TWINKLY STARS,
AND A-SLIDING DOWN THE MOUNTAINS
OF THE MOON;

DADDY O' DREAMS

WE'LL HAVE SODA CLOUDS FOR
LUNCHEON, AND ICE-CREAMY ONES
FOR TEA—

“OH, DADDY, WHENABOUTS?—PRETTY
SOON?”



“WELL, MAYBE . . . BUT JUST NOW
WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT WE
HAVE HERE,
IN THE BASKET MUMMY GAVE US FOR
OUR TEAS.

HERE IS MEAD—I WONDER WHY IT
LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE LEMONADE?
AND AMBROSIA—NOT UNLIKE TO BREAD
AND CHEESE.

WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK OF NECTAR
OR A BRIMMING MUG OF MILK?

FEELINGS AND THINGS

WILL YOU USE A PAIR OF CHOP-STICKS

OR A SPOON ?

SOME DAY WE'LL TAKE OUR SCRIP AND

STAFF AND TRAVEL TO JAPAN—

“ OH, DADDY, WHENABOUTS ?—PRETTY
SOON ? ”



“ WELL, MAYBE. . . . NOTHING MORE,
LADDIE ? COME AND SNUGGLE
DOWN. . . .

DO YOU HEAR THAT MAMA BIRDIE SAY-
ING *CHEEP* ?

SHE IS CHIRPING TO HER BABY BIRDS
TO CUDDLE CLOSE AND WARM,
AND SHE'S TELLING THEM IT'S TIME TO
GO TO SLEEP.

DADDY O' DREAMS

THEN LISTEN, LADDIE, LISTEN . . . TO
THE CRICKETS' VIOLINS,
AND THE BULL-FROG TUNING UP HIS
BIG BASSOON. . . .

IT IS TIME FOR TINY TADS, AND FOR
SLEEPY LITTLE LADS—”

“OH, DADDY—RIGHT AWAY?” “PRETTY
SOON.”



PICNICS

OH, DON'T YOU LOVE TO GO TO PIC-
NICS? IT'S SUCH FUN TO TAKE
A GREAT BIG STEAMBOAT DOWN THE
RIVER TILL YOU REACH THE LAKE,
AND FEEL THE WIND GO FLUTTER, FLUT-
TER, ON YOUR FACE AND HAIR.
I LIKE TO SIT UP IN THE BOW, AND BE
THE FIRST ONE THERE



BUT THEN I HAVE TO PUT A STRING
AROUND A BOTTLE'S NECK,
AND DRAG IT BUMPY-BUMP BEHIND US
FROM THE LOWER DECK.

PICNICS

AND EVERYBODY WANTS A DRINK, AND
WE GET HUNGRY, TOO.
BUT MOTHER SAYS TO SPOIL OUR
APPETITES WILL NEVER DO.



THEN WHEN WE REACH THE DEAR OLD
ISLAND, ALL THE AIR IS SWEET,
AND STILL, AND ALL THE BIRDS ARE
SINGING, *TWEET-A-TWEET-A-TWEET!*
AND EVERYBODY RUNS FOR TABLES IN
THE SHADY SPOTS,
AND THEN THEY OPEN ALL THE BASKETS
—OH, SUCH LOTS AND LOTS !



WE'VE SANDWICHES AND EGGS AND
CHICKEN, FRUIT AND WALNUT
CAKE,

FEELINGS AND THINGS

AND COLD TEA, TOO, AND EVERYTHING
WE JUST REACH OUT AND TAKE!
AND WE TRY EVERYBODY'S THINGS—
THOUGH I LIKE OURS THE BEST—
BUT AT A PICNIC, WHY, OF COURSE, YOU
DO JUST LIKE THE REST.



THEN WHILE OUR MOTHERS GATHER
UP, AND CLEAR AWAY THE THINGS,
WE CHILDREN HURRY OFF TO FIND THE
VERY HIGHEST SWINGS. . . .
AND THEN WE GO IN WADING,—OH,
THAT'S JUST THE BEST OF ALL !
THE WATER MAKES YOU JUMP SO, AND
YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE GOING TO
FALL.

PICNICS

AND THEN . . . AND THEN . . . THE
BOAT IS WHISTLING. HOW WE
HAVE TO RUN !—

AND WRAPS AND BASKETS FEEL AS IF
THEY WEIGHED ABOUT A TON.

AND THEN THERE'S SUPPER, AND THE
SUN GETS RED AS FIRE—THE CLOUDS
ARE LOVELY . . . AND YOU'RE TIRED . . .
AND YOU WISH THERE WEREN'T
SUCH CROWDS.



AND THEN THE LIGHTS SHINE IN THE
WATER, AND IT'S NINE O'CLOCK,
AND YOU'RE BACK HOME, AND GLAD TO
FIND THAT FATHER'S AT THE DOCK.

FEELINGS AND THINGS

AND THEN YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH
ABOUT THINGS, AND YOU GO TO BED
WITH JUST A KIND OF FUNNY JUMBLE
WHIRLING IN YOUR HEAD.



MOVING

OH, THERE'S LOTS OF FUN IN MOV-
ING,—

PUTTING ORNAMENTS IN DRAWERS,
PACKING UP THE BOOKS AND CHINA,
WIGGLING BIG THINGS THROUGH THE
DOORS—

MOTHER SIGHS AND SAYS HER HEAD
ACHES,

AND SHE WISHES WE WERE DONE,
BUT I THINK THE WHOLE WHANG-
DOODLE

IS A DANDY LOT OF FUN.

FEELINGS AND THINGS

WE HAVE SPLENDID TIMES WITH
EATING,

EVERYTHING IN CANS AND JARS;
WHEN WE REALLY GET TO *LIVING*,
MOTHER SAYS SHE'LL THANK HER
STARS.

BUT I THINK IT'S SIMPLY GREAT, AND
HOPE

'T WILL LAST A GOOD LONG WHILE,
FOR IT'S CORKING FUN TO MAKE BELIEVE
YOU'RE ON A DESERT ISLE.



BUT THE BEST OF ALL IS SLEEPING
ON A MATTRESS ON THE FLOOR;
THOUGH MY FATHER SAYS IT'S
DRAUGHTY,
AND THE DICKENS OF A BORE;

MOVING

BUT IT'S *DIFFERENT*, AND I LIKE IT,
'CAUSE I PLAY WE'RE CAMPING OUT,
BUT OF COURSE THE GROWN FOLKS
NEVER
KNOW WHAT I AM THINKING 'BOUT.



THEN IT'S GREAT TO HOLD THE
LADDER
WHEN MY FATHER'S DOING THINGS,
'CAUSE WHEN DADDY PUTTERS ROUND,
HE
DANCES HORNPIPES, AND HE SINGS—
'R ELSE HE *MUTTERS*. THEN HE TELLS
ME,
“DON'T YOU EVER SAY THAT, SON !”

FEELINGS AND THINGS

GEE ! I THINK THAT WHEN YOU'RE
MOVING
THERE'S A SCRUMPTIOUS LOT OF FUN !



GOING AWAY WITH FATHER

I'VE BEEN AWAY WITH DADDY TO NEW
YORK—JUST THINK OF THAT !

I DRESSED MYSELF, 'CEPT BUTTONS
AND I CHOSE MY OWN NEW HAT.

THE PORTER ON THE TRAIN WAS AS
POLITE AS HE COULD BE—

HE BROUGHT A FOOTSTOOL, AND AT
NIGHT HE MADE MY BED FOR ME.



AND DADDY BOUGHT ME CHOCO-
LATES, AND PICTURE-PAPERS, TOO,
AND SMILED A LOT, AND USUALLY
CALLED ME MISS BELLEW.

FEELINGS AND THINGS

THE PORTER MAN PUT IN A LITTLE
TEENY WEENY SCREEN,
AND HUNG THE LITTLEST HAMMOCK
UP THAT I HAD EVER SEEN.



AND DADDY SHOWED ME LITTLE
HOOKS, AND HOW TO WORK THE
LIGHT,
AND BRUSHED MY HAIR AND WHISTLED
WHEN HE COULDN'T BRAID IT
RIGHT.
AND THEN A LADY DRESSED IN BLACK,
SHE FINISHED IT FOR ME,
AND HUGGED ME TIGHT, AND THEN I
SAT AWHILE UPON HER KNEE.

GOING AWAY WITH FATHER

SHE 'MINDED ME OF MOTHER SO,—
ALL WARM, WITH CRINKLY HAIR,—
THE TEARS WOULD COME, AND I JUST
WISHED THAT MOTHER-MINE WERE
THERE.

BUT FATHER CAME AND LIFTED ME, AND
HELD ME CLOSE AWHILE,
AND SAID SUCH FUNNY THINGS THAT
PRETTY SOON I HAD TO SMILE.



AND THEN *BESIDE* MY DADDYBOY I
KNELT AND SAID MY PRAYERS,
AND THEN HE TUCKED ME UP, AND SAT
AND TOLD ME 'BOUT SOME BEARS....
AND THEN . . . WHY, IT WAS MORNING,
AND THE LADY 'CROSS THE WAY

FEELINGS AND THINGS

HELPED DRESS ME,—OH, AND THEN IT
WAS THE WONDERFULLEST DAY !



I WENT ABOUT WITH DADDY SEEING
GENTLEMEN, AND ONE
INVITED US TO LUNCH WITH HIM, AND
IT WAS LOTS OF FUN.

THEY SAID “TEA, COFFEE, MILK ? ” AND
I GUESSED MILK—AND IT WAS—SO !
BUT WHEN I SAID I'D GUESSED THEY
LAUGHED—AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW !



THEN WE WENT RIDING ON THE BUS,
AND ON THE FERRY, TOO,
AND ATE SOME MORE . . . AND SLEPT
. . . AND WELL, THERE WAS A LOT
TO DO,

GOING AWAY WITH FATHER.

AND PEOPLE, LOTS OF THEM . . . AND
ALL . . . I WAS A SLEEPY GIRL . . .
MY HEAD SO FULL OF THINGS . . . ALL
MIXED . . . THAT IT JUST SEEMED
TO WHIRL.



AND THEN WE TOOK THE TRAIN
AGAIN, AND I SLEPT ALL THE WAY,
AND WHEN I WOKE IT SEEMED A FUNNY,
EXTRA SORT OF DAY.
WHEN WE GOT HOME, AND MOTHER
CAME A-FLYING DOWN THE HALL,
I THOUGHT THAT GETTING BACK TO
HER WAS JUST THE BEST OF ALL !



VALOR

MY SISTER HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT,
ALL 'BOUT A BIG BLACK BEAR,
THAT FOLLOWED HER TILL SHE WOKE
UP,—
GAVE HER A DREFFUL SCARE.



BUT POOH ! I GUESS I HAD A DREAM
'BOUT *SIXTY-LEVEN BEARS*,
THAT CHASED ME TILL THEY ATE ME
UP,—
BUT GEE ! WHAT'S THAT ! WHO CARES ?

VALOR

MY MOTHER, SHE'S AFRAID OF COWS,
AND GETS BEHIND THE RAILS
AND SCREAMS. BUT I AM NOT AFRAID
TO SLING 'EM BY THEIR TAILS !



AND NURSE, SHE'S 'FRAID OF BUR-
GLARS—THINKS
THEY'RE UNDERNEATH THE BED;
BUT IF I EVER SAW ONE, I
WOULD *SHOOT* HIM—GOOD AND DEAD !



AND OUR COOK, SHE'S AFRAID OF
GHOSTS,
AND WHISPERS "HIST !" AND "HARK !"
I SOMEHOW WISH SHE WOULDN'T,
WHEN
IT'S REALLY GETTING DARK.

FEELINGS AND THINGS

OF COURSE I'M NOT A BIT *AFRAID*,
'CEPT WHEN I HEAR A NOISE—
BUT MOTHER SAYS THAT THINGS LIKE
THAT
AREN'T GOOD FOR LITTLE BOYS.



I'M NOT AFRAID TO GO TO BED
ALL BY MYSELF AT NIGHT,—
WHEN NURSE LEAVES JUST THE
LITTLEST *TEENTY*
WEENTY BIT OF LIGHT.



YOU SEE, IF ANY THING SHOULD
COME,
I'D WANT TO SEE IT—GOOD—
YOU NEEDN'T LAUGH, 'CAUSE I JUST
GUESS
THAT *ANYBODY* WOULD !

HAVING TO WAIT

HAVING TO WAIT IS AWFULLY HARD,
WHEN YOU'VE GOT TO HURRY, OR
ELSE YOUR PARD
WILL GO WITHOUT YOU.
YOU *HAVE* TO POUT—YOU
JUST CAN'T WAIT BECAUSE “MOTHER'S
BUSY !”
FOR SO ARE YOU—AND YOUR HEAD
FEELS DIZZY
WITH GETTING SO MAD AT HAVING TO
WAIT,
FOR IT'S *AWFULLY* HARD, WHEN JOE'S
AT THE GATE.

FEELINGS AND THINGS

ONE TIME SHE JUST SAID, "HUSH
MY DEAR,"

WHEN I *HAD* TO TELL HER, AND MAKE
HER HEAR,

BECAUSE THINGS WEREN'T STOPPING;
AND I GOT *HOPPING*

WHEN SHE WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME
AT ALL

BECAUSE OLD MRS. WILSON WAS THERE
TO CALL;

AND WHEN I WHISPERED INTO HER EAR,
SHE JUST SAID, "THERE, THERE,—HUSH;
MY DEAR."



AND WHEN I JUST COULDN'T WAIT
ANY MORE,
AND KICKED, AND POUNDED MY HEAD
ON THE FLOOR,

HAVING TO WAIT

SHE SAID, "I WONDER
WHO MADE SUCH A BLUNDER,
AND GAVE ME THIS BOY IN THE PLACE
OF JACK—

I DO WISH SOMEONE WOULD BRING
HIM BACK!"

I SHOUTED, "I AM JACK—SO! IF YOU
WOULD
JUST LET ME GO THIS TIME, I'D BE
GOOD!"



SHE SAID, "BUT *MY* BOY DOESN'T KICK
AND SHOUT,
AND PUCKER HIS LIPS TO AN UGLY
POUT;
THIS MUST BE SOME OTHER,
WHO HASN'T A MOTHER

FEELINGS AND THINGS

WHO LOVES HER BOY, AND HAS FEEL-
INGS TO HURT."

I JUST HAD TO BURY MY FACE IN HER
SKIRT,—

BUT—I DON'T *CARE*!—WHEN JOE'S AT
THE GATE,

IT'S AWFULLY HARD—THIS HAVING TO
WAIT !



MOTHER'S WAY

DROWSYLID BLINKS AT HIS BLOCKS
AND HIS BALL,
AND SAYS, "BUT YOU SEE I'M NOT *SLEEPY*
—AT ALL!"
BUT DROWSYLID'S MOTHER SMILES
DEEP IN HER EYES,
FOR LITTLE BOYS' MOTHERS HAVE NEED
TO BE WISE.



"OH, SONNY, COME SIT BY THE FIRE
WITH ME,—"
AND DROWSYLID SNUGGLES HIMSELF
ON HER KNEE,

FEELINGS AND THINGS

AND CUDDLES, ALL COMFY, HIS HEAD
AND HIS LEGS.

"NOW TELL ME 'BOUT WHEN YOU WERE
LITTLE," HE BEGS.



"**W**HY, MOTHER WAS ALWAYS THE
SLE-E-E-PIEST THING,

AND GRANDMOTHER'D ROCK HER, AND
HUSH HER, AND SING:

*'HUSHABY, HONEY, LIE CLOSE ON MY
BREAST,—*

*WHERE DO YOU GO ON YOUR DREAM-
LAND QUEST?'*



"**L**ULLABY, SONNY, SINGS MOTHER TO
YOU:

THE SAND MAN IS COMING—SAY HOW-
DO-YOU-DO;

MOTHER'S WAY

THE FIRE IS GOING TO SLEEP IN ITS BED,
AND WHISPERS GOOD NIGHT TO MY
SLEEPY-HEAD.



"IT'S SLIPPING, SLIP-SLIPPING, AND
YAWNING AWAY,
AS FIRES SHOULD DO AT THE END OF
THE DAY. . . .
JUST ONE LITTLE FLICKER—IT'S SLEEPY-
ING FAST. . . ."
BUT DROWSYLID'S HAPPILY DREAMING
AT LAST.



FALLING ASLEEP

OH, SOMETIMES WHEN I'M PUT TO
BED,
I *WISH* IT WEREN'T SO EARLY !—
FOR EVERYTHING INSIDE MY HEAD
FEELS SOMEHOW *STRETCHED*, AND
WHIRLY.



I FEEL SO WIDE AWAKE AND STRONG,
I THINK THAT I FEEL—*BUSY*,—
BUT THEN IT ISN'T VERY LONG
BEFORE MY THOUGHTS GET DIZZY.

FALLING ASLEEP

I LIE AND LOOK AT MY BIG TREE,—
THE MOONLIGHT MAKES IT GLISTEN;
IT WHISPERS HUSH-Y THINGS TO ME;
I LIKE TO LIE AND LISTEN.



AND THEN I HEAR THE CRICKETS
SING;
A BIRD SAYS SOMETHING CHEEPLY. . . .
AND I DON'T CARE 'BOUT ANYTHING,
I FEEL SO STILL AND SLEEPY.



AND THEN I FEEL AS LIGHT AS AIR,
EXACTLY LIKE A FEATHER,
AND EVERYTHING AND EVERYWHERE
JUST SEEM TO RUN TOGETHER !

A SONG OF SUMMER

SHOUT HO !

WHOOOP AND HOLLOA !

SUMMER IS HERE—TO THE COUNTRY
WE GO.

SCHOOL DONE,

FREEDOM AND FUN—

WINTER IS OVER AND PLAY IS BEGUN !



TREASURES A-PACKING,

TILL NOTHING BE LACKING,

OUR FAVORITE TOYS AND OUR SHOVELS
AND PAILS,

A SONG OF SUMMER

OUR BOOKS AND OUR TREASURES
FOR RAINY-DAY PLEASURES—
OH, THERE WILL BE TIMES WHEN THE
WIND WILL BLOW GALES.



BLOW, BLOW,
A-HIGH OR A-LOW—
WE CAN BE HAPPY—THE SECRET WE
KNOW,
RAIN, RAIN,
BENDING THE GRAIN—
WE'LL PLAY INDOORS TILL THE SUN
COMES AGAIN.



ROARING AND DASHING
THROUGH FORESTS AND FLASHING
OUT INTO THE OPEN, THE MEADOWLAND
SWEET

FEELINGS AND THINGS

WITH WILD ROSE AND CLOVER,
WHILE OVER AND OVER
THE BIRDS ON THE TREES AND THE
FENCES SING "TWEET!"



"TWEET! TWEET!"
SINGING TO GREET
THE CHILDREN SO EAGER, THE MOMENT
SO FLEET,—
SING! SING!
MELODY FLING,
CHILDREN AND BIRDS, FOR WE'RE ALL
ON THE WING!



STOPPING AND STARTING,
AND DAWDLING AND DARTING,

A SONG OF SUMMER

AND PASSING SOME COWS LYING UNDER
A TREE;
THROUGH WOODS, OVER BRIDGES,
AROUND HILLS AND RIDGES—
THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THE BLUE OF
THE SEA !



SHOUT HO !
WHOOP AND HOLLOA !
SUMMER IS HERE—TO THE COUNTRY
WE GO.
SCHOOL DONE,
FREEDOM, AND FUN—
HARD WORK IS OVER, AND PLAY IS
BEGUN !

GOING TO BED

I TELL YOU WHAT, WHEN EVERYTHING
IS SIZZLING IN MY HEAD,
'BOUT PIRATES, OR A STORM AT SEA,
OR INJUN SCOUTS, OR BATTLES—GEE !
I HATE TO GO TO BED !



I WANT TO KNOW, SO AWFUL BAD,
JUST WHAT THE END WILL BE;
AND WHEN THAT LOUD OLD CLOCK GOES
WHIR !
I KEEP AS *STILL*—I NEVER STIR—
BUT MOTHER LOOKS AT ME,

GOING TO BED

AND SAYS, "MY DEAR, IT'S TIME FOR
BED;

YOU KNOW WE CAN'T ALLOW
THIS SITTING UP." BUT THEN I TEASE,
"AW, JUST THIS ONE SHORT CHAPTER—
PLEASE !
IT'S SO EXCITING NOW."



THEN *IN A MINUTE* FATHER SAYS,
"A LENGTHY CHAPTER, SON !"
AND MOTHER SAYS, "COME, COME,
ENOUGH !"
AND DAD, HE SAYS, "THAT BOY'S A
BLUFF.
COME, YOUNGSTER, SCUTTLE—RUN !"

FEELINGS AND THINGS

AND THEN DAD CHASES ME UP-
STAIRS,
TO MAKE ME GO TO BED;
AND SPANKS ME, AND I THUMP HIM
BACK,
AND THEN HE GIVES ME ONE MORE
WHACK
AND STANDS ME ON MY HEAD.



I HATE TO *START* TO GO TO BED,
THE SAME WAY EVERY NIGHT;
BUT DAD, HE MAKES IT ALL A GAME—
I HAVE TO MIND, THOUGH, JUST THE
SAME,
I TELL YOU, *DAD'S ALL RIGHT!*

GOING TO BED

THEN MOTHER COMES AND HEARS
MY PRAYERS,
AND DAD GETS ME A DRINK;
AND THEN DAD HUGS US BOTH REAL
TIGHT,
AND WE HUG BACK WITH ALL OUR
MIGHT—
THAT'S RATHER NICE, I THINK !



LAPS AND KNEES

I HATE TO SIT ON PEOPLE'S LAPS
THAT I DON'T KNOW AT ALL—
THEY WEAR SUCH HORRID SLIPPY
THINGS—
THE FOLKS THAT COME TO CALL.



“COME HERE, MY DEAR,--HOW OLD
ARE YOU?
AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME?” THEY SAY.
I JUST CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING,
WHEN THEY BEGIN THAT WAY.

LAPS AND KNEES

THEY LIFT ME ON THEIR LAPS AND
SMILE;

I GUESS I WIGGLE SOME,
AND SOON'S I CAN I SLITHER DOWN,—
I S'POSE THEY THINK I'M *DUMB*.



OF COURSE SOME FOLKS I LIKE A
LOT—

THEIR LAPS ARE ALL RIGHT, TOO!
BUT WITH THE ONES THAT JUST *PRE-*
TEND

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.



MY GRANDPA'S KNEES ARE WOB-
BLETY,
THE BEST YOU EVER SAW

FEELINGS AND THINGS

TO JOUNCE YOU LIKE THE COUNTRY-
MAN,
WHILE YOU CALL GEE ! AND HAW !



AND I LOVE FATHER'S KNEES, AL-
THOUGH
HE LETS ME FALL BETWEEN.
BUT THEN HE LAUGHS AND CUDDLES
ME.

(*HE THINKS I THINK IT'S MEAN !*)



BUT MOTHER HAS THE BEST OF ALL,—
YOU NEVER SLIP A BIT;
BUT THEN *HER* ARMS AND KNEES, YOU
KNOW,
WHY,—THEY JUST SEEM TO *FIT* !

HER FIRST PARTY

THEY TOOK ME TO A PARTY ONCE—
I THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO GO;
BUT IT WAS VERY STRANGE AT FIRST,—
YOU SEE, I DIDN'T KNOW
THAT THERE WOULD BE *SO MUCH OF IT!*
IT MADE MY HEAD FEEL QUEER;
I FELT ALL QUIVERY INSIDE,
AND WISHED I COULDN'T HEAR.



AND WHEN I COVERED UP MY FACE,
THEY SAID, "WHY, SHE IS SHY!"
AND EVERYBODY LOOKED AT ME,
AND I JUST HAD TO CRY.

FEELINGS AND THINGS

BUT SOMEONE TOOK ME ON HER LAP,
AND DREW ME CLOSE AND TIGHT,
AND THEN MY THROAT STOPPED ACH-
ING,
AND I FOUND IT WAS ALL RIGHT.



AND THEN I PLAYED A LITTLE WHILE;
WE HAD THE GREATEST FUN,
FOR THEY WERE PRETTY GOOD TO ME—
I WAS THE LITTLEST ONE.
BUT I LIKED LOOKING ON, THE BEST,
TO SEE WHAT THEY WOULD DO,
THOUGH WHEN THEY ATE ICE-CREAM
AND CAKE,
I THOUGHT I'D DO THAT TOO.

HER FIRST PARTY

AND WHEN MY MOTHER CAME FOR
ME,
AND WANTED ME TO GO,
THEY SAID I'D HARDLY PLAYED AT ALL,
BUT THEN THEY DIDN'T KNOW.
I'D SAT SO QUIET WATCHING THEM,
THEY THOUGHT I WAS *AFRAID*.
BUT I HAD HAD THE *BESTEST* TIME
JUST *PLAYING* THAT I PLAYED!



THE OLD ADAM

WHEN MOTHER SAYS, "NO, YOU MAY
NOT!"

I JUST SAY, "YES, I WILL!"

I DON'T MEAN RIGHT OUT LOUD, OF
COURSE,

BUT DOWN INSIDE, AND STILL.

AND WHEN THE FELLOWS CALL TO
ME,

FOR SOMETHING—MAYBE BALL,

AND SHE SAYS I MUST COME AND WASH,
THOUGH SHE CAN HEAR THEM CALL,



I HOLD MY BREATH A MINUTE, HARD,
AND THEN I SAY, "I WON'T!"

THE OLD ADAM

I DON'T JUST LET HER HEAR ME,
THOUGH,—
I'D LIKE TO—BUT I DON'T !



AND ONCE I SAID, "YOU MEAN OLD
THING !

YOU WOULDN'T CARE 'F I *DIED* !"
BUT MOTHER DIDN'T MIND AT ALL;
YOU SEE, SHE'D GONE INSIDE.



AND SOMETIMES I MAKE FACES,
TOO,—
THE UGLY, STRETCHY KIND;
BUT THAT'S BEHIND HER BACK, OF
COURSE,—
I KNOW I HAVE TO MIND !

“BUDDY DOES!”

WHY WON'T THEY LET ME CLIMB THE
GATE,

OR POKE THE FIRE IN THE GRATE,
OR ANSWER DOOR-BELLS WHEN THEY
RING,

OR LIGHT THE LAMP, OR *ANYTHING*!
BUDDY DOES !



AT SEVEN O'CLOCK I GO TO BED,
BUT BUDDY HAS A STORY READ
TO *HIM*, BEFORE HE GOES, AT EIGHT.
I WISH THAT I COULD STAY UP LATE,-
BUDDY DOES !

“BUDDY DOES”

AND BUDDY PLAYS 'MOST ANYWHERE;
THEY LET HIM GO ACROSS THE
SQUARE;

BUT I MAYN'T LEAVE OUR WALK, AND I
CAN'T SEE AT ALL THE REASON WHY,—
BUDDY DOES !



THEY SAY OF COURSE THEY CAN'T
ALLOW
SUCH THINGS,—THAT I'M TOO LITTLE
NOW.

BUT SOON I'LL BE A BIG BOY, TOO,
AND THEN THEY'LL *HAVE* TO LET ME
DO
AS BUDDY DOES !

THE DINNER PARTY

THEY ARE HAVING A PARTY, WITH
ICE-CREAM, AND WINE,
AND OYSTERS—THE THINGS THAT YOU
HAVE WHEN YOU “DINE.”
AND WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY EXPECT
ME TO DO ?
WHY, TO GO UP TO BED, AND TO STAY
IN IT, TOO !
BUT I SHA’N’T ! I’LL CREEP DOWN,
IN MY BLUE DRESSING-GOWN,



AND PEEK AT THE PEOPLE, AND
CANDLES, AND FLOWERS.

THE DINNER PARTY

WHY, THEY WILL BE EATING FOR HOURS
AND HOURS !—

AND LAUGHING, AND TALKING, AND
BEING POLITE.

THEY'RE SO SLOW THAT THEY DON'T
EAT AS MUCH AS THEY MIGHT,—
THAT IS SILLY, *I* THINK;
I'D BE QUICK AS A WINK !



MAYBE KATIE WILL GIVE ME SOME
ICE-CREAM AND CAKE,
AND A PLATE OF THE OTHER NICE
THINGS THAT THEY MAKE
FOR THE PARTY. OH DEAR, I DON'T
THINK IT IS FAIR

FEELINGS AND THINGS

TO A GIRL NINE YEARS OLD, NOT TO
LET HER BE THERE!
WHEN I'M GROWN UP, I'LL DINE,
AND HAVE OYSTERS, AND WINE !



AT GRANDMA'S HOUSE

THE RAINY DAYS, AT GRANDMA'S
HOUSE,
ARE JUST THE BEST OF ALL !
WE PLAY UP-GARRET 'MOST ALL DAY,
WITH QUEER OLD CLOTHES. IT'S FUN
TO PLAY
THAT WE ARE OLD, AND TALL.



WE OPEN ALL THE TRUNKS THERE
ARE,
AND ALL THE BOXES, TOO,
AND WEAR THE THINGS. WE TRAIL
AROUND

FEELINGS AND THINGS

IN ALL THE DRESSES WE HAVE FOUND
AND BONNETS, JUST LIKE NEW.



FOR MANY, MANY YEARS AGO,
BEFORE WE ALL WERE BORN,
MY GRANDPA DIED, WHEN HE CAME
BACK
FROM WAR, AND GRANDMA PUT ON
BLACK.
THAT'S WHAT YOU DO, TO MOURN.



AND ONCE WHEN PAUL FOUND
GRANDPA'S SWORD,
WE CROWDED ROUND TO SEE,
AND GRANDMA TOLD ABOUT THE WAR,

AT GRANDMA'S HOUSE

AND WHAT THEY ALL WERE FIGHTING
FOR,—
TO SET THE DARKIES FREE.



AND THEN SHE WIPED HER EYES,
AND SAID,
“WHO'D LIKE SOME BUTTERSCOTCH?”
WE SHOUTED, “WE WOULD! COME
ON, ALL!”
AND THEN SHE DROVE US DOWN THE
HALL,
AND STAYED WITH US, TO WATCH.



AND MOTHER CAME AND SHOOK
HER HEAD,
WHEN IT WAS NEARLY DONE;

FEELINGS AND THINGS

BUT GRANDMA LAUGHED, AND DIDN'T
MIND,
AND SAID, "THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT
YOU'LL FIND."
OH, GRANDMA'S LOTS OF FUN !



AND SOMETIMES GRANDMA READS
TO US,
SHE SAYS TO MAKE US REST,
WE PLAY SO HARD. 'MOST ANY DAY
IS FUN, AT GRANDMA'S, ANY WAY,—
BUT RAINY DAYS ARE BEST !



CHRISTMAS EVE

ON CHRISTMAS EVE MY MOTHER READ
THE STORY ONCE AGAIN,
OF HOW THE LITTLE CHILD WAS BORN,
AND OF THE THREE WISE MEN.



AND HOW BY FOLLOWING THE STAR
THEY FOUND HIM WHERE HE LAY,
AND BROUGHT HIM GIFTS, AND THAT
IS WHY
WE KEEP OUR CHRISTMAS DAY.



AND WHEN SHE'D READ IT ALL, I WENT
AND LOOKED ACROSS THE SNOW,
AND THOUGHT OF JESUS COMING
AS HE DID SO LONG AGO.

FEELINGS AND THINGS

I LOOKED INTO THE EAST AND SAW
A GREAT STAR BLAZING BRIGHT;
THERE WERE THREE MEN UPON THE
ROAD .
ALL BLACK AGAINST THE LIGHT.

I THOUGHT I HEARD THE ANGELS SING,
AWAY UPON THE HILL. . . .
I HELD MY BREATH . . . IT SEEMED AS IF
THE WHOLE GREAT WORLD WERE STILL.



IT SEEMED TO ME THE LITTLE CHILD
WAS BEING BORN AGAIN. . . .
AND VERY NEAR . . . THAT THEN, SOME-
HOW,
WAS NOW . . . OR NOW WAS THEN.

